

In Solitude

Esoteric

Inside and around I see misery, suffering.
A new level of depth for my depression.
Thought I could only climb from now.
Unable to see below its depths.
Got used to it so that it wasn't as bad.

Now on my dark ledge I am falling further,
Where are my friends? Someone grasp me.
But no one reaches for I have nothing left to give them.
My use for them is gone and so is their respect for me.

Hitting a deeper level I crash hard.
My anger screams, sorrow and hate contorting together,
In a fit my temper explodes, tearing my hair, punching my face
,
Ripping my skin to release it from within.

Screams of sorrow increasing my hate,
Sentences flash through my mind of all that they said,
Of those I regard that hurt me.
Emptying my soul, devouring my will.

I'm alone and always will be.
I've known no one who hasn't hurt me - and often with intent.
I walk through crowded streets of faceless people,
Their whispers haunting me:

Trapped in a void with myself who's not me.
My knowledge and power are all that I own.
My compassion is destroyed, my hate free to explode.
Now I will always destroy those who try to hurt me.